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M472
Sale

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
ABRAHAM
LINCOLN.

[L. Whitaker Crowe]



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OR,
**The Rise and Fall of the Con-
federate States.**

IN FIVE ACTS.

"Not for an age, but for all time."

—B. JONSON.

This play was successfully performed in all the
theaters of war throughout the United
States during 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863,
1864, and 1865,

**SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX DAYS
AND NIGHTS,**

Being the Longest Run of any Play
on Record.

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY
D. R. C. W. SELDEN,
182 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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THE BELLIGERENTS.

UNITED STATES.

CONFEDERATE STATES.

1. Maine.
2. New Hampshire
3. Vermont.
4. Massachusetts.
5. Rhode Island.
6. Connecticut.
7. New York.
8. New Jersey.
9. Pennsylvania.
10. Delaware.
11. Maryland.
12. Ohio.
13. Kentucky.
14. Indiana.
15. Illinois.
16. Missouri.
17. Michigan.
18. Wisconsin.
19. Iowa.
20. Kansas.
21. Oregon.
22. California.

1. Virginia.
2. North Carolina.
3. South Carolina.
4. Florida.
5. Georgia.
6. Alabama.
7. Mississippi.
8. Louisiana.
9. Tennessee.
10. Arkansas
11. Texas.

NOTE.—The territories of Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Indian, Montana, Colorado, Arizona, Washington, New Mexico, and the District of Columbia remained in possession of the United States during the struggle

Odds three to one in favor of the Union.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE WAR.

1861.—Lincoln inaugurated; Confederacy formed; Davis elected; Fort Sumter bombarded; Battles of Big Bethel, Rich Mountain, Bull Run, Cross Keys, Carnifax, Leesburg, Dranesville, Boonville, Carthage, Oak Hill, Lexington, Hatteras, Port Royal, and capture of Mason and Slidell.

1862.—Battles of Kernstown, Williamsburg, Front Royal, Seven Pines, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Mechanicsville, Gaines Mills, Frazer's Farm, Malvern Hill, Savage Station, Cedar Run, Harpers Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Antietam, Fishing Creek, Roanoke Island, Fort Donelson, Newbern, Island No. 10, Shiloh, New Orleans, Memphis, Baton Rouge, Richmond (Ky.), Corinth, Perryville, Murfreesborough, Elkhorn, Prairie, Hampton Roads, Monitor and Merrimac, Drury's Bluff, and deaths of Zollicoffer and Macculloch.

1863.—Emancipation Proclamation; Battles of Chancellorsville, Winchester, Gettysburg, Bristow Station, Germaniasford, Bakers Creek, Vicksburg, Ft. Wagner, Cumberland, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Helena, and the death of Stonewall Jackson.

1864.—Battles of the Wilderness, Staunton, Spottsylvania, New-Market, Cold Harbor,

Monocacy, Chambersburg, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Fort Harrison, Ocean Pond, Atlanta, Nashville; Sherman's march to the sea; Savannah. Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Big Blue River; and capture of privateers Florida, Nashville, and Alabama; deaths of Generals Macpherson and Stewart.

1865.—Battles of Hales Hill and Five Forks; capture of Richmond; surrender at Appomatox; Columbia burned; surrender of Southern army; assassination of President Lincoln; capture of Jefferson Davis, and end of the Confederacy.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

UNIONISTS.

Abraham Lincoln,
 Mrs. Lincoln,
 Secretary Seward,
 Secretary Stanton,
 General Grant,
 General Sherman,
 General Sheridan,
 General McDowell,
 General Siegel,
 General Butler,
 General McClellan,
 General Hancock.
 General Dix,
 Horace Greeley,
 Henry Ward Beecher,
 James Fisk, Jr.,
 Fred Douglas (colored).
 Dr. Mary Walker,
 Tucker Blake,
 Beau Hickman,
 Laura Keene,

CONFEDERATES.

Jefferson Davis,
 Mrs. Davis,
 Alexander Stephens,
 Robert Toombs,
 General Lee,
 General Jackson,
 General Beauregard,
 General Bragg,
 General Van Dorn,
 General Hood,
 General Winder,
 General Price,
 Wade Hampton,
 Stephen Mallory,
 Zebulon Vance,
 Raphael Semmes,
 Humphrey Marshall,
 John S. Mosby,
 Belle Boyd,
 Pompey Punkinvine,
 Priscilla Peachblos-
 som.

THE CONSPIRATORS: John Wilkes Booth,
 Mrs. Surratt, Harold, Atzerott, and Payne-
 Citizens, soldiers, etc.

THE ACTS AND SCENES.

A C T I.

SCENE 1st: Street in front of White House, Washington; A Political Brawl.

SCENE 2d: Room in White House; Cabinet meeting.

SCENE 3d: Street in front of White House; Bull Run panic.

A C T II.

SCENE 1st: Room in President's Mansion, Richmond; Cabinet meeting.

SCENE 2d: Street in front of President's Mansion, Richmond; Pompey and Priscy.

SCENE 3d: Calico ball in President's Mansion.

A C T III.

SCENE 1st: White House, Washington; The President's Levee.

SCENE 2d: Street in front of White House, Washington; "On to Richmond;"

SCENE 3d: Andersonville Prison, Ga.

A C T I V.

SCENE 1st: President's Mansion, Richmond; Reception.

• SCENE 2d: Evacuation of Richmond.

SCENE 3d: Capture of Jefferson Davis in the woods of Georgia.

A C T V.

SCENE 1st: Meeting of the Conspirators; Mrs. Surratt's house in Washington.

SCENE 2d: Assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

SCENE 3d: Suicide of John Wilkes Booth.

SCENE 4th: Grand Transformation scenes; Let us have peace.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

Street in front of White House, Washington. Enter Alexander Stephens's slave Pompey, carpet-bag in hand, singing:

WAY DOWN SOUF ON DE OKOMULGEE.

AIR, "*Dixie's Land.*"

1

Way down souf on de Okomulgee,
In de good ole state ob Georgee,
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie's land.

Dar's whar dis cullud chile war born,
An' fed on good hog-meat an' corn,
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie's land.

CHO: Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray, hooray,
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
To lib an' die in Dixie.
Away, away,
Away down souf in Dixie.

2

Pompey he lub Massa Stebens,
An' he nebber gwine to leab him,
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie's land.

Kase massa's got no wife to please him,
An' no chillen for to tease him,
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie's land.

CHO: Den I wish I was, etc.

3

Dis chile will marry lubly Priscy,
De sweetest rose in Mississippi,
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie's land.

An' with hearts light as a feather
We will lib an' die together,
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie's land.

CHO: Den I wish I was, etc.

Enter John Wilkes Booth, raising his whip :

Get out of my way, you black rascal, or I'll warm your lazy jacket for you.

POMPEY [raising his arm in defense]: What for you gwine to strike dis poor cullud man? Ole Massa Abe Linkum done been 'lected President, and he gwine to set all de cullud folks free berry soon, ki-yi.

BOOTH: You impudent darkey, you shall never hav a vote as long as the Democratic party has the upper hand in this country. Take that, and that [striking him].

Exit Pompey, running away.

Enter Horace Greeley, interfering.

Nay, verily, my Democratic friend, why dost thou abuse the poor despised African? Is he not a man and a brother, although his hair is like unto the wool of the black sheep and his skin is like unto the color of the crow?

BOOTH: You are no better than a nigger yourself, you old broad-brimmed, white-hatted, freedom-shrieker, and you have been aiding the slaves to run away to Canada from their masters on your underground railroad for the past forty years.

GREELEY: Go West, young man, go West; buy a farm and grow up with the country. That would suit you better than to be taking sides with the aristocratic cotton-growing Southerners, for I perceive by your attire that you are a Baltimorean.

Exit Booth.

Enter Franz Sigel.

Mine Gott in himmel! what for is all dis fuss been about? Dose negro men been yust so good as a white man ouf den he only behave hisself, und Oncle Sam he make dem free, pooty quick, py jimminy grashus! aint dot so?

Enter John S. Mosby.

A nigger may be as good as a Dutchman

or a Yankee, but I'll be stung to death by a gallinipper if he is as good as a Virginian; and it's about time now for the South to leave the cussed Union and set up a Confederacy for themselves.

GREELEY: You Southern fire-eaters had better not try to break up our glorious Union by endeavoring to secede from the United States, for you will soon find out what virtue there is in coercion.

SIEGEL: Yah, dot's so, by grashus! Ouf de South wants to fite mit de North, ve vill give dose rebel Secesh fellers all de fite dey vos looking for; und de first man what strikes a blow for liberty vill be Franz Siegel, py tam. Who wants to fite mid Siegel?

MOSBY: If you are so anxious for a fight, take that [spits on him and strikes him]. I can wallop any gol darned Pennsylvania Dutchman that ever stuck his nose south of Mason and Dixon's line.

They clinch and fight, while Horace lays on with his umbrella.

HORACE: Blessed are the peace-makers, and them that despise political harangues.

Enter Beau Hickman.

HICKMAN: Go in, Mosby; give the krout-eater a leetle touch of "ole Virginny never

tire." I hope I may never see the back of my neck if this ain't an amusin' scene.

Enter Tucker Blake, squinting through eye-glasses.

TUCKER BLAKE: And what are those savage fellows bruising each other for, and cweating this deuced disturbance? It stwikes me that this is a political wow, and if it were not for getting my new clothes spoiled I would take a hand in the vulgah matter myself, 'pon my sowl I would.

Enter Dr. Mary Walker, dressed in coat and breeches. and using her parasol right and left.

DR. MARY WALKER: Why don't some one call the police? Oh, how I do wish I was a man! I'd tear that wicked slave-driver into ribbons. Why don't somebody run into a bar-room and get a policeman?

BEAU HICKMAN: Cheese it, boys, cheese it, here comes the cop.

The crowd is quickly dispersed by the officer. Exit all.

Scene 2.

A room in the White House, Washington. Enter President Lincoln.

LINCOLN: Now have I reached the top-most pinnacle
Of human greatness. I have overthrown

My rivals, Douglas, Breckenridge, and Bell,
 And occupy the presidential chair
 In which the noble Washington first sat.
 And though not chosen by the people's
 voice,

The dearest object of my life shall be
 To merit greater praise than Washington.
 I will endeavor to uphold our flag,
 Preserve the Constitution and the laws,
 And shall be governed in my public acts
 According to the dictates of my heart.
 But history doth repeat itself, and now
 Eleven southern Southern states have armed
 themselves

And formed an empire out of slavery,
 Choosing Jeff Davis for their figurehead.
 Thus am I plunged into a hornet's nest,
 And find no other course than civil war.
 'Tis true that I did pass through Baltimore
 In close disguise in order to escape
 Assassination by the hands of foes
 In sympathy with purse-proud slave-holders,
 Who felt the doom of their accursed cause
 In my election by the Northern states.
 But since secession rears its hideous head
 I'll never swerve again from my intent,
 But grapple with the monster from this hour
 Unceasingly until the foul disgrace
 Of slavery is blotted from our map.
 These fire-eating rebels must be taught

To feel God's power in freedom's holy cause
 And yield obedience to our righteous laws.
 Here come Seward and Stanton.

Enter Seward and Stanton, shaking hands with the President.

LINCOLN: Good morning, gentlemen.
 Have you heard the latest joke?

STANTON: My President, this is no time
 for jokes.
 Eight million rebels are enough to strike
 The utmost consternation in our souls.
 Besides, the West is full of Copperheads,
 Who to a man will take the Southern part
 Unless we crush their armies at the start.

SEWARD: Stanton is scared, for I will
 undertake
 To thrash with less than fifty thousand men,
 In three months' time, that weak-eyed traitor,
 Jeff,
 With all the warriors that the South can
 raise
 Ere they can get in readiness to wage
 This irrepressible conflict.

STANTON: I know the temper of the
 Southern folks;
 I know that they will fight us man for man
 Until our country reddens o'er with blood,
 And it will take us many dreadful years,

And cost us many hundred thousand lives,
Ere we can force them to yield up their
slaves.

Already have they captured forts and ships
And trodden in the mire our glorious flag.

SEWARD: Rash fools, they'll soon be sorry
for this start.

Such insults serve to fire the Northern heart.

STANTON: Ben Butler has been bottled at
Yorktown

By Jack MacGruder's Old Dominion troops.

LINCOLN: I'll send poor Butler down to
New Orleans

To get some spoons to eat his Boston beans.

STANTON: The Rebels are advancing in
great force

Beneath the valiant Beauregard, and soon
Will meet McDowell somewhere near Bull
Run.

Enter messenger with dispatch, and exit.

SEWARD [reads]: Beauregard has over-
whelmed McDowell at Bull Run, and is now
chasing our panic-struck army across the
Potomac.

LINCOLN, [rising]: Look out the window!
See, our soldiers come.
Pursued by the victorious Rebel host!

SEWARD: I think a few more troops can
stop this work,
So I will make a draught upon New York.

Exit Seward.

STANTON: This seems indeed a very serious matter,
And I had better start for Cincinnati.

Exit Stanton.

Enter Mrs. Lincoln.

My dearest Abe, is there no way to save us
From that abominable rogue, Jeff Davis?

LINCOLN: May heaven protect my darling
wife and boys
And take them safely back to Illinois!
If I escape now, by yon battle's smoke,
I'll never tell another funny joke.

Exit both.

Scene 3.

A street in front of the White House. Soldiers and citizens flying, panic-struck, from Bull Run. Music, Yankee Doodle.

Enter General McDowell.

We met the enemy down by Bull Run,
And would have conquered them, no doubt,
Had not my three months' men got panic-struck
Because the Rebels yelled so dreadfully,

In front, in rear, and all around both flanks,
 And this, of course, compelled us to retire
 Across the broad Potomac in good shape,
 To fight again upon some other day;
 But as for me, I shall resign my sword
 And live on half pay at some army board.

Exit McDowell.

HORACE GREELEY: Yea, truly, this is hot
 work, and if I get back to my *Tribune* office
 once more I will fill her columns with such
 soul-stirring editorials that the North, the
 East, and the mighty West will arouse from
 their inactivity and blow Jefferson Davis and
 his fellow-conspirators like unto chaff before
 the whirlwind.

Exit Horace Greeley.

BEN. BUTLER (squinting):
 You see the Rebels had a batteree
 Of Quaker guns on top of every tree,
 And that's the reason of their victory.

Exit Ben. Butler.

Enter Franz Siegel.

FRANZ SIEGEL: Dose Rebels fight yust like
 der dyvil sure,
 Und make dose Yankees run yust like some
 sheep;
 But yust you wait until dey fight mit Siegel
 Dey tink he vas de great bald-headed eagle.

Exit Franz Siegel.

Enter James Fisk, Jr.

JAMES FISK, JR.: If I get back to Vermont
state again

I swow I'll never fire another gun ;
A peddler's pack, but no knapsack, I'll risk,
You bet ; that's what's the matter with Jim
Fisk.

Exit James Fisk, Jr.

Enter Henry Ward Beecher.

BEECHER : The North must send Sharpe's
rifles to the South,
But no more Bibles ; they have caused this
strife
By teaching the divinity of slavery.
I'll leave this wicked place for Plymouth
church,
Where, free from danger, I will preach the
knell
Of negro slavery far worse than hell.

Exit Beecher.

Entrance and exit of many ragged soldiers.

Enter Beau Hickman.

HICKMAN : Well, I'll be cussed if ever I
did see
Such a scared lot of Yankee renegades.
Why, not one month ago they marched this
town
With colors flying and new uniforms,

Swearing they'd gobble up the Southern
 boys,
 And bring Jeff Davis in a monkey's cage.
 Now here they go, all ragged and broke
 down,
 Afraid to stop even when they get to town.

Exit Beau Hickman.

A C T I I .

Scene 1.

A room in the President's Mansion, Richmond. President Davis writing at table.

Enter Messrs. Toombs and Stephens.

DAVIS: Good morning, gentlemen, I hope you're well.

STEPHENS: Quite well to-day, I thank your Excellency.

TOOMBS: How goes the war, my noble President?

DAVIS: The war goes bravely on, my worthy friends,
 And cheering news from every quarter comes;
 Since Beauregard from Bull Run's glorious field

Drove, panic-struck, our foes to Maryland,
Our arms triumphant shine at every point.

TOOMBS: Well, that may be, but still I do
maintain

That 'twere a grievous error to withdraw
Our noble troops in sight of Washington
While in pursuit of terror-stricken foes.
Then was our opportunity and hour
To seize upon the nation's capital
And claim the reins of government ourselves,
Which act had given us the support of all
Tho Democratic party of the North,
Besides securing foreign recognition.

DAVIS: Oh, no, my Georgia friend, our
Northern foes

Would have united like a swarm of bees
If we had marched into their capital,
And with the power of thirty million souls
Would have descended like an avalanche
To overwhelm us in one brief campaign.
Now see the wisdom of our leniency
In stopping the pursuit just at that time,
For the United States is in discord
And we have gained a score of victories
Over the lukewarm hirelings of the North.
Let me recount some of our valorous deeds:
We slew their General Lyons in the West,
And at Balls Bluff destroyed a thousand
men;

Our gallant Merrimac at Hampton Roads
Sunk Cumberland and Congress at one
sweep,

And drove the Monitor from Chesapeake;
At Chickahominy our General Lee

Defeated with great slaughter the vast force
Of Jersey's famous warrior, "Little Mac."

Next Pope and Banks were out-flanked and
dispersed

By Stonewall Jackson's brave Virginians,
Who captured vast amounts of war supplies.

Then Lee and Jackson carried on the war
Successful through the state of Maryland,

Driving the enemy like startled sheep.

Upon the ocean's breast Admiral Semmes
Won for our cause imperishable fame

By sinking 'neath the ocean all the ships
Of which our foes commercial were possessed;

And other victories by land and sea

Have been accorded to the "Stars and Bars."

Now, gentlemen, who will deny our strength

When they do view this goodly summing up?

Our nation is established beyond doubt,

And further trouble from the enemy

Will not have long continuance, I hope,

For all the Christian nations of the earth

Ere long must honor the Confederate flag.

STEPHENS: Your Excellency, fain would I
unfold

The heavy burthen that doth clog my mind'

And like a hideous nightmare weigh me
down.

'Tis true our arms have triumphed every-
where;

When they have met the foe by land and sea,
But we are growing weaker day by day,

By reason of this circumscribed blockade

That like a huge octopus doth enfold,

Our feeble struggles in its giant grasp,

And every victory that we do gain,

Doth onward force us to the bitter end.

Our weak resources are diminishing,

And our brave soldiers are fast losing heart.

It were far wiser now to treat for peace

Than have our country overrun at last

By all the hireling hordes from Europe's
shores.

'Twere even better for us to ally

With England or with France and Mexico,

Than be whipped back into the hated Union,

To bow submissive to Republicans,

The laughing-stock of future generations ;

Yea, better let us sue for peace just now,

While victory sits perched upon our brow.

DAVIS : Not so, most worthy Vice-Presi-
dent, No !

Let us keep up our courage and resist

Coercion till secession be assured

Throughout the whole of our Confederate
states.

My life, my fortune, and my honor all
 Are pledged for its accomplishment, and I,
 Sooner than yield, would far prefer to pitch
 All to the dogs, and die in the last ditch.

Exit Stephens and Toombs.

Enter Mrs. Davis.

MRS. DAVIS: My dearest husband, I have
 heard the news
 Concerning our late glorious victories,
 Which we should celebrate in proper style ;
 Therefore let invitations be sent forth
 To all the gentry of the Southern states
 To join us in a pleasant festival.
 Each lady dressed in plainest calico,
 And gentlemen attired in homespun gray,
 To show the watchful nations of the earth
 That Southern people estimate full well
 The value of humility, even though
 Our armies triumph o'er their giant foe.

DAVIS: My darling wife, that is a good
 idea ;
 One that will please the whole exultant South
 And irritate the dastard chagrined North.
 But, by the way, what's calico now worth ?

MRS. DAVIS: 'Tis worth ten dollars by the
 single yard.
 Last night a steamer ran the close blockade
 With calicoes of every hue and shade.

DAVIS: Great Scott! is calico so high as that?

What will become of our Confederacy?
For bread is worth one dollar by the loaf,
And our Confederate scrip depreciates
So rapidly in value that I fear
My salary won't pay our rent next year.
But let the ball go on.

Exit Mr. and Mrs. Davis.

Scene 2.

*Street in front of President's Mansion, Richmond.
Enter Miss Priscilla Peachblossom, slave to Mrs. Jefferson Davis, sweeping the sidewalk.*

PRISCY: I clar to goodness, ef dar ain't dat Georgia nigger, Pompey Punkinvine, comin' dis way? I wonder what he wants dis early in de mornin.'

Enter Pompey.

POMPEY: Good mornin,' Miss Priscy. Ain't dis lubly weather? How sweet you fair-skinned, rosy-cheeked damsel appears in de mornin' sunshine!

PRISCY: Good gracious! Pompey, how you did skeer me! Excuse my dishabilite. I'se really glad to see you lookin' so distingay. Is dar any mo' news about de wah?

POMPEY: Yes, Priscy. Massa Stephens sick abed yesterday. He hear good news las' night an' he git up 'fore day-break dis mornin' an' he frisk 'roun' like a two-year-ole colt. He say de Yankees is done licked by de Secesh all roun' de Confederacy, an' dey will soon hab peace an' we will all be in Washin'ton once mo.'

PRISCY: I speckon you am glad ob dat, Pomp, for den you will see yo' ole sweet-heart, Secesh Chloe, agin.

POMPEY: Now, Priscy, you needn't be jealous 'bout dat gal, kase she's done gwine to Brooklyn wid de Beecher folks, an' I nebber will see her any mo'; 'sides dat she ain't half so lubly as my Priscy.

PRISCY: Go way wid yo' nonsense, Pomp. Yo' make dit collud gal blush. I'se 'fraid some ob de white folks come along an' ketch yo' wid yo' arm aroun' my waist.

DEAR PRISCY: When is we gwine for to git married? Massa Stephens am willin,' an' Missus Davis tole me I could hab you if it was 'greeable to your feelin's.

PRISCY: Pompey, I nebber will git married until you an' I is both free, for I nebber could bear to see my chillen bro't up in slavery, an' bought an' sold like sheep an' hogs.

POMPEY: Oh! dat am all nonsense, Priscy. You know dat we cullud folks is better off wid good, kind masters to take care ob us when we is sick an' ole, an' dar is nothin' to bodder ourselves wid ceptin' a few little chores now an' den.

PRISCY: Dat may all be, Pompey, but I think we'd better wait a little while an' see how de wah's comin' out. Time enuff to git married after dis cruel war is ober. 'Sides, if de Souf wins we can run away to Canada, an' if de Norf wins we is free anyhow.

POMPEY: Yes, dat's so, Priscy. De cullud man am jes' like de bone what de two dogs fought each cdder for. By an' by de bone get tired ob waitin to see who he belong to, so he git up an' run away wid anoder dog. Haw! haw!

PRISCY: Go 'way wid yo' foolishness now, Pompey. We is got someting mo' serious to think about jes now.

POMPEY: Dat's so, Priscy, but you habn't tole me dat you gib me yo' promise to jine me in de holy ban's ob wedlock jes' as soon as de circumstances ob de surroundin's will permit ob.

PRISCY: You is my Pompey, ain't you, Pomp?

POMPEY: Yes, Priscy, an' you is my Priscy, ain't you, Priscy?

They fall into each other's arms, and a voice is heard calling Priscy.

PRISCY: Laws a mercy! dar's Missus cal-
lin me. Good-bye, Pomp.

POMPEY: Good-bye, Priscy. Kiss me
good-bye.

Exit both.

Scene 3.

THE CALICO BALL IN RICHMOND.

Enter, arm in arm, singing, "We are All Secessionists."

AIR, "*Bonny Blue Flag.*"

We are all Secessionists,
We glory in our cause;
We hate the Abolitionists
And all their cursed laws,
For when we found the Union
To rob us did prepare,
We rallied round the bonny blue flag
That bears a single star.

CHORUS.

Hoorah! Hoorah!
For Southern rights hoorah!

Hoorah for the bonny blue flag
That bears a single star!

We've chosen for our leader
A statesman tried and true,
And we have valiant soldiers
No foeman can subdue,
And all the Yankee nation
Since Bull Run frightened are
To see on high the bonny blue flag
That bears a single star.

CHO: Hoorah! Hoorah! etc.

Eleven names we reckon
In our Confederate band,
And three more states are trying
To join us heart and hand.
Together we will conquer
In this coercive war
Or die beneath the bonny blue flag
That bears a single star.

CHO: Hoorah! Hoorah! etc.

CALICO BALL COUPLES.

Jefferson Davis	in gray	and Mississippi	in calico.
Wade Hampton	"	" South Carolina	"
Governor Vance	"	" North Carolina	"
Alexander Stephens	"	" Georgia	"
Raphael Semmes	"	" Alabama	"
Gen. R. E. Lee,	"	" Virginia	"
Secretary Mallory	"	" Florida	"
Gen. Beauregard	"	" Louisiana	"
Gen. Bragg	"	" Tennessee	"
Gen. Van Dorn	"	" Arkansas	"
Gen. Hood	"	" Texas	"
Stonewall Jackson	in black,	West Virginia	in mourning
General Windee	"	Maryland	"
Humphrey Marshall	"	Kentucky	"
Gen. Price	"	Missouri	"

[The company take their places and dance the "Virginia reel," upon which the curtain falls.]

ACT III.

Scene 1.

*President Lincoln's levee, White House, Washington.
Introductions by Tucker Blake, marshal.*

Enter Frederick Douglas, colored.

Good ebenin', Massa Lincum. I hab called in behalf ob de colored citizens ob dese United States to thank your Excellency for de noble 'mancipation proclamation whereby more dan four million down-trodden cullud people ob dese Southern states am given dere freedom and dere rights in order dat dey may cast their votes for de great Republican party.

LINCOLN: Yes, Douglas, I have set your
people free
From the accursed yoke of slavery.

Exit Douglas.

Enter Horace Greeley.

Friend Abraham, can thee inform thy brother in the good work whether it be truly the truth that Stonewall Jackson, the great Southern man of war, is dead, for, verily, my war correspondents are so prone to lying that I cannot credit their report?

LINCOLN: Yes, truly, Stonewall Jackson
 has been slain,
 But not on our head lies the hero's blood,
 For his own soldiers gave the fatal fire,
 And in their arms poor Stonewall did expire,
 Plunging the South in mourning far and
 wide.
 Thus did Lee's army commit suicide.

Exit Horace Greeley.

Enter James Fisk, Jr.,

FISK: Well, Abraham, is it true that Mos-
 by's guerrillas have captured Brigadier-Gen-
 eral Stoughton and a hundred horses at Fair-
 fax Court House?

LINCOLN: Truly, I'm sorry thus to lose
 my forces;
 I can make generals, but not war-horses.

Exit James Fisk, Jr.

Enter Secretary Stanton.

STANTON: Mr. President, allow me to con-
 gratulate your Excellency upon our great
 victory at Corinth, and the death of that
 great military commander, Albert Sidney
 Johnson.

LINCOLN: The South can ill afford to lose
 such men
 As Sidney Johnson and Stonewall Jackson,

The right and left hand of the Southern
cause.

Poor Jeff Davis is crippled bad. No doubt
his legs,
Are shaking 'neath this cup of bitter dregs.
[Exit Stanton.]

Enter Secretary Seward.

Mr. President: Let me congratulate your
Excellency upon the glorious news from
Gettysburg.

LINCOLN: Yes, Seward, 'twas indeed a glo-
rious field,
Where many thousand gallant soldiers fell,
And Meade in triumphing o'er General Lee
Has gained the turning point of victory.

Exit Seward.

Enter Henry Ward Beecher.

Our armies everywhere seem prosperous,
So far as I have heard, but how are things
With our brave Buckeye general down
South?

LINCOLN: Now, this reminds me of an an-
ecdote
About a grizzly bear and billy-goat.
That once upon a time did hunt each other.
Sometimes one got ahead and sometimes
t'other;

So I am now unable to determine
Whether Joe Johnstons leads or whether
Sherman.

At any rate, Joe Johnston's hard to beat,
And is the devil's scapegoat on retreat.

Exit Beecher.

Enter Dr. Mary Walker.

Good evening, Mr. President. I have called to confer with your Excellency in regard to the deplorable condition of our Union prisoners at Andersonville, and I trust you will send down a commission under a flag of truce and endeavor to have their sufferings somewhat alleviated, for they are all ragged and are dying by thousands with loathsome diseases.

LINCOLN: Well, Mary, you are commissioned to go, for I do not know of any man or woman, whichever you may be, who is more capable of persevering in such work than you will be; besides, your uniform will not hinder you from camp duty.

Exit Dr. Mary Walker.

Enter Beau Hickman.

Mr. President, they say General Grant has been on a big jamboree ever since the surrender of Vicksburg, and has already had two attacks of the jim-jams.

LINCOLN : Grant always knocks the Rebels
 out of time ;
 If I knew where he gets his whisky from
 I'd send some to my other generals.
 Perhaps, like Grant, they' make the Rebels
 fly
 If they were full of Bourbon or old rye.

Exit Beau Hickman.

Enter John Wilkes Booth.

Well, Mr. President, the Southern states
 Are by this time almost demoralized
 And must surrender to our valiant troops,
 For of success they can have no more hopes.

LINCOLN : Yes, Booth, the South is almost
 cut in two
 Through Georgia Sherman marches to the
 sea.

Grant presses on to Richmond day by day,
 Phil Sheridan lays waste their fertile fields,
 And on the sea our noble ship Kearsarge
 Has sunk the Alabama pirate Semmes.
 Another year will end this brutal war
 And make our Union as it was before.

BOOTH : You have good cause for great
 rejoicing, sir,
 And some amusement for yourself and wife.
 Would ease your labored minds. Please ac-
 cept

These invitations to Ford's theater,
And see Miss Laura Keene in her great play,
Entitled, "Our American Cousin."

LINCOLN: With pleasure, Mr. Booth; we
will be there. [Exit Booth.]

Scene 2.

*Street in front of White House. Going to the front.
"On to Richmond."*

Enter General Grant (smoking a cigar).

I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all
summer. [Stops and takes a drink out of a
jug marked whisky.] [Exit Grant.]

Enter General Dix.

If any man insults the American flag I'll
shoot him on the spot. [Exit Dix.]

Enter Ben Butler.

When I get down among the Creole coons
I'll confiscate their silverware and spoons.

Exit Butler.

Enter Phil Sheridan.

Down through Virginia's valley I will ride,

And burn their crops and barns on every
side. [Exit Sheridan.]

Enter Gen. Banks.

Since Stonewall Jackson is beneath the sod,
My quartermaster stores are safe! Thank
God! [Exit Banks.]

Enter James Fisk, Jr.

Methinks I see a chance to speculate
In cotton, and tobacco, and so forth,
Since Richmond, if my soul rightly divineth,
Will soon go upward where the woodbine
twineth. [Exit James Fisk, Jr.]

Enter Gen. Sherman.

Now I've a brilliant military notion,
That I can march to the Atlantic ocean.
If I can flank the Secesh cavalerie
Which occupies the edge of Tennessee.
Yes, I will see if I can see the sea
By marching through the state of Georgie
From Tennessee until I see the sea.

Exit Sherman.

Enter Tucker Blake.

I weally wonder now if it would be safe for
me to venture in my carriage as far as Cul-
peppah Court House. Pon my soul I really

fear that those horrid gowillas of Mosby's would gobble me up if they had the slightest opportunity; but, really, my business is so pwessing and so vastly impawtant, you know, that I must venture anyhow. [Exit Tucker.]

Enter Fighting Joe Hooker.

I want to get another chance at Lee,
This time he won't escape so easily.

Exit Hooker.

Enter Gen. Burnside.

In hopes of victory this day we must,
In Providence, Rhode Island, put our trust.

Exit Burnside.

Enter Horace Greeley.

No doubt Jeff Davis soon will be in jail,
Unless I go him twenty thousand bail.

Exit Horace.

Enter Henry Ward Beecher.

Long have I sat upon the ragged edge
Of my anxiety and waited for this hour,
That should set free the downtrod colored
folks.

Oh, how I long to fold those long lost sheep,
And take them to the bosom of my church.

Exit Beecher.

Enter Franz Siegel.

Ouf I cood cotch dot Mosby by his neck,

I bet zwei lager dat I broke his back.

Exit Siegel.

Enter Beau Hickman.

Well, here they go again to tackle Lee.
I hope they'll get into another panic
Before they get across the Rappahannock.

Exit Beau Hickman.

Scene 3.

Andersonville prison, Georgia, filled with Union soldiers.

Enter Dr Mary Walker and Henry Wurtz.

I say, Captain Wurtz, it is a burning shame and a disgrace to civilization and the name of humanity to have those poor Union soldiers, although they are prisoners of war, treated in such a barbarous manner.

HENRY WURTZ: Then why doesn't your government exchange them for the Southern prisoners of war confined now in Forts Delaware, Lafayette, Rock Island, Point Lookout, and many other Northern prisons, where I am told they are dying like rotten sheep from disease, filth, and starvation?

DR. MARY WALKER: 'Tis false. The United States government allows forty cents

per head for the daily support of each Rebel prisoner now imprisoned in the North, and they are all, without exception, well clothed, well fed, and provided with comfortable quarters.

WURTZ: That may all be true on paper, Mrs. Walker, but you know in point of fact that the swindling politicians and army contractors manage to pocket the money and let the poor prisoners starve. It is true that the North is well able to provide for its prisoners, but the South is not. Even the Southern army is barefoot and ragged, and only allowed half rations, and spoiled ones at that. So you see that we are unable to feed our soldiers, much less our prisoners, any better than we do. God knows I feel sorry for the poor creatures in those prison pens, but I cannot help it. The United States is responsible for it.

DR. MARY WALKER: Well, as sure as my name is Dr. Mary Walker, you and your master Jeff Davis shall be hung for this.

Exit Dr. Mary.

ACT IV.

Scene 1.

President's Mansion, Richmond. President Davis's reception.

Enter John S. Mosby.

It looks as though the Yankees had got the dead wood on us now. Don't you think so, Mr. President?

DAVIS: Disaster meets our arms in every
quarter,
We're close beset upon both land and water.

Exit Mosby.

Enter Alexander Stephens [groaning].

I told you, Mr. Davis, that our cause
Was one that could not stand in this bright
age,
For slavery is doomed all o'er this earth,
And hence the downfall of our new empire,
Whose corner-stone was slavery. For me
I do not fear to meet our conquerors;
I always was a Union-loving man,
And will go North as fast as e'er I can.

Exit Stephens.

DAVIS (soliloquizing): Poor Alex always
was a sickly man,
And every year his health grows worse and
worse.

How true "*Mens sana et mens corpora!*"
That is the reason why the South is weak.
Were my advisers all as stout as Toombs,
Or had but half of Humphrey Marshall's
weight,
The South would not be forced to this dire
strait.

Enter Gen. Winder.

Vicksburg surrendered on July 4th.

DAVIS: I fear base treachery doth aid the
North. [Exit Winder.]

Enter Gov. Vance.

Hood is defeated and his army flies.

Exit Vance.

Enter Belle Boyd.

Lee's army has lost all of its supplies.

Exit Belle Boyd.

Enter Gov. Letcher.

Now Petersburg is captured by the foe,
And this prefaces Richmond's overthrow.

Exit Letcher.

DAVIS [soliloquizing]: Since Petersburg is
gone then all is lost,
I must prepare to fly before Grant's host.

Enter Mrs. Davis.

O husband, isn't this a dreadful blow?
How could our soldiers act so cowardly?
Now Mrs. Lincoln will hold up her head,
But as for me, all my fond hopes are fled.
Can it be possible that in four years
Two dozen Northern states and territories
Could thus subdue eleven Southern states?

DAVIS: No, 'tis absurd, and I will never
yield
So long as cotton grows or sugar cane,
But will retire unto the cotton states
Where my brave soldiers can resist the foe
Until our independence is assured.
Meantime we must quit Richmond for a spell
And may return perhaps some six months
after
The ratification of a treaty of peace
'Twixt the Confederate and United States.
But hark! the city soon will be in flames,
And we must hasten southward o'er the James

Exit Mr. and Mrs. Davis.

Scene 2.

Street in front of President's Mansion, Richmond. Rebels evacuating Richmond.

Enter John S. Mosby.

I'll carry my men up on the Bull Run mountains and fight the Yankees till hell freezes ever.

Exit Mosby.

Enter Robert Toombs.

My voice is still for war. I'll never yield
As long as I have got a tongue to wield;
Although I'm not a warrior with the sword,
And never slept upon the tented field,
Yet I encouraged other men to fight,
And bleed and die for our Confederacy.
I hate the Constitution and the laws,
I hate the Yankees and their Stripes and
Stars,
And never, while the breath of life remains,
Will I give in that state rights are states
wrong,
Nor will I ever be reconstructed,
Take any future part in politics,
But stand a monument of constancy,
Erected in the empire state of Georgia,
A living tomb in memory of our cause.

Exit Robert Toombs.

Enter Humphrey Marshall.

Well, damn the luck, here's all the bridges
down,

And I am left on foot without a horse,
But of what use would be a horse? One horse
Could never carry this great bulk of mine
Over the Blue Ridge mountains. It would
take

At least two mules to do that job;
So I must foot it down to old Kentucky,
And if I reach there I will be damned lucky

Exit Humphrey.

Enter Pompey and Priscy.

I golly, Priscy, we niggahs am free 'now,
sho nuff, an' we will soon hab a nice little
cabin all to ourselves, where we can raise pigs
and chickens for our own selves an' our chil-
dren, soon as we can get married an' settle
down on de old plantation by de Okomul-
gee.

PRISCY: You an' I is free at last, an' I am
jess as good as Missus Davis or any other
white lady, an' dey needn't put on any more
airs around dis chile, for dey is all poor white
trash now, an' de blessed jubilee am come.

Exit Pomp and Priscy.

Scene 3.

A wood in Georgia. Jefferson Davis seated on a log in the disguise of an old woman.

Too whit! too whoo! [an owl in the tree-top].

DAVIS [starting up]: 'Tis nothing but an owl; not my pursuers,
Who act like bloodhounds on a scented track.

All my confederates in our bankrupt cause
Are scattered like a herd of buffaloes,
Each one on his own safety most intent,
And I am left alone to bear the blunt,
To die, perchance, beneath the hangman's
beam.

Now all the hopes that for the last four
years

Did buoy me up in each vicissitude
Have fled from out my solitary breast,
Plunging me in the deepest depths of woe.

O proud Ambition, whose resistless force
Did urge me to Secession's scheme, and cause
These agonizing pangs which now consume
My strengthless body, 'tis to thee I owe
This blighted ending of my bright career.

Great God of heaven, is there not on high
A condescending minister of wrath,
To hurl the vengeful shaft of keen remorse

Swift through my bursting heart, and sudden
end

This dire suspense?

Is there not in hell

A fiendish prince of darkness, whose black
art

Will send by pitying hand the subtle draught
That in an instant stops life's flowing tide?

The powers of heaven and hell do heed me
not,

And the victorious United States

Will shortly wreak their slow but just re-
venge

Unless I with my own hand seek my death.

But no! the next world doth more terrors
bear,

And there is no hope for a suicide.

Could I but shut my eyes in soothing sleep,

It might afford me nerve to meet my fate.

But my remorse of conscience will not grant

Even that boon, for when my eyes are closed

A never-ending form of slaughtered friends,

With slowly-moving footsteps seem to pass,

Casting such withering looks of deep reproach

That through my soul burn like the lightning
fire.

Thus doth remorse forever haunt my soul,

Blasting my spirit with sepulchral breath,

Racking my frenzied brain with horrid
thought,

Turning my raven locks to silvery gray,
 Dimming my vision with its ghastly glare,
 Stunning my hearing with their dying groans,
 Chilling my blood with cold and clammy
 touch,

And paralyzing all my energies.

My weary frame no fresh'ning slumber finds,
 Through all the length'ning hours of gloomy
 night;

My once proud form is bent with weight of
 woe,

All trembling is the hand that once was firm,
 And feeble is the voice that erst could charm
 The listening Senate with its silver tones,
 Which serpent-like seduced the sunny South
 Into destruction's jaws.

But hark! what's that?

Methinks I hear the Union troops advance;
 Now I will rush upon them and be slain,
 For death in any shape is welcome now,
 Since it will free me from this horrid ghoul,
 And death by bullets cannot blast the soul.

(Stumbles and falls.)

Union soldiers advance singing,

"John Brown's body lies moldering in the
 grave,
 But his soul goes marching on.

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple-tree,
As we go marching home."

CAPTAIN OF SOLDIERS: Hold, men! what
have we here? Don't fire, 'tis only an old
woman.

DAVIS [rising]: Forbear, rash soldiers, spare
my life and pause,
For I am chieftain of the great lost cause.

CAPTAIN: Take him to Fort Monroe; there
let him lie,
Till government decides how Jeff shall die.
Exit all.

ACT V.

Scene 1.

*Room in Mrs. Surratt's house in Washington.
The conspirators, John Wilkes Booth, Mrs. Sur-
ratt, Harold Payne, and Atzerott seated round a
table.*

MRS. SURATT: Well, gentlemen, everything
is arranged for conveying our distinguished
prisoner quietly over the Potomac without
danger of interruption or fear of pursuit, for
I have many friends at Surrattsville, strong

sympathizers with the Southern cause, who will be ready to aid us to-morrow night.

BOOTH: Too late. The Confederacy is no more.

All our designs are useless, for the South
Is subjugated, Richmond is destroyed;
'Twere useless to secure Abe Lincoln's self
Since Davis is himself a prisoner.

MRS. SURRETT: Then I am sorry that we did not carry out our arrangements sooner, for now we must abandon our designs against President Lincoln, and give up all hopes of saving the South. [Exit Mrs. Surratt.]

BOOTH: Well, gentlemen, though nothing now remains,
To save the Southern people from disgrace,
Yet something must be done to that vile wretch
Who turned his face against his Southern friends.
Himself and wife both natives of the soil
Which he hath planted thickly o'er with graves
Of kindred soldiers whom he might have spared,
By vetoing this cruel civil war,
But like a grinning ape the tyrant sat,
Enjoying vulgar jokes and anecdotes,

While Southern cities perish in the flames,
And Sherman's bummers ravish maids and
dames.

HAROLD, ATZEROTT, AND PAYNE [in one
voice]: Revenge! revenge! point out the
surest way,
We'll carry out the plan this very day.

BOOTH: You, Payne, go up this very night
at ten,
And cut Bill Seward's throat from ear to
ear. [Exit Payne.]

BOOTH: And Atzerott, you settle General
Grant. [Exit Atzerott.]

BOOTH: While Harold with two horses
must await,
Outside Ford's theater till I perform
My greatest act, 'twill take the world by
storm. [Exit Harold.]

BOOTH [soliloquizing]: "The daring youth
who fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool who reared
it."

His name was, let me think. I know it not;
Well, no great matter, 'twas a noble deed,
And I will far surpass it ere this night
Hath passed the busy hour of ten o'clock.
Cæsar had Brutus, Lincoln shall have Booth

To let out his exultant, foul-mouthed life.
 The South shall be avenged, and if I die
 While in the act of this heroic deed,
 All future generations of brave youth
 Will venerate the name of John Wilkes
 Booth. [Exit Booth.]

Scene 2.

Interior Ford's theater, Washington. President and Mrs. Lincoln enter the stage box and seat themselves to witness the play called "Our American Cousin."

LINCOLN: I have a strange presentiment,
 my dear,
 As though some great disaster doth approach;
 Now, don't you think I'd better call our
 coach?

MRS. LINCOLN: No, husband, it would not look well for us to leave at this early hour, and what would people think of our sudden departure? Look! yonder comes Laura Keene.

Enter Laura (advancing on the stage).

[Enter John Wilkes Booth behind the President's seat in the box. Shoots the President through the head with a pistol-ball, crying aloud, "Sic semper tyrannis," and leaping from the box to the stage, flourishes his pistol, rushes past Laura Keene, tragically exclaims, "The South is avenged," and disappears behind the scenes.] [Exit Booth.]

LAURA KEENE (struck with horror): It is John Wilkes Booth! Seize him; he has shot President Lincoln. [Exit Laura.]

Scene 3.

A stable in Virginia. Booth and Harold surrounded by Union soldiers.

HAROLD: Come, let us hurry to the Dismal Swamp,
Where we can hide in safety all our days.

BOOTH: I cannot travel further on this leg,
'Tis very painful, and I have not slept
One moment since I fired the fatal shot
Which plunged the United States in grief.

HAROLD: But we must go, the scouts are
on our track,
And will o'ertake us soon if we delay.

BOOTH: Well, Harold, mount your horse
and hasten on,
You can escape while there is yet a chance,
But I upon this broken bone must wait,
No matter how unkind must be my fate.

HAROLD: No, John Wilkes Booth, I'll
never leave your side,
I'll share your lot whatever ill betide.

BOOTH: Hark! hear you not the tramp
of horses' hoofs?

HAROLD: We are surrounded, and we must
give up.

Captain of Union cavalry (advancing).

Surrender! murderers! your hour has come,
Surrender, or be roasted in the barn.

HAROLD (wringing his hands): O Booth,
what shall I do, my life is lost?
How can I save it, at whatever cost?

BOOTH: Poor chicken-hearted Harold, drop
your arms,
Go forth and let them hang you like a dog.

Exit Harold (handcuffed).

But John Wilkes Booth will never yield his
neck

To such base ending. Come on, ye cow-
ards!

Oh, had I not this useless, broken leg,
I'd rush like lion through a flock of sheep;
But since all efforts to escape are vain,
(The barn is fired) kind bullet pierce my
brain. [Shoots himself and dies.]

Scene 4.

*Grand transformation scene. Review of the
grand army of the Potomac by Gens. Grant,
Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, etc., etc.*

GEN. GRANT (to the audience):

My fellow-citizens: Let us have peace,
'Tis time that I, who bore no second part
In our great civil war, should now speak out,
Since I have held my tongue for five long
years.

The Union eagle bird now flaps his wings,
And screams triumphant o'er his conquered
foe,

The Secesh buzzard of the slavish South,
Which, gorged with state right notions, did
attempt

To soar away from the United States,
 And feast itself on negro slavery.
 Since Adam's fall, six thousand years ago,
 Mankind has ever been at war with man,
 The strong against the weak, and each suc-
 cess

Has been determined by the well-trained
 force,

Which at the proper moment did attack
 And rout the enemy, demoralized.

See Alexander, how he brought the world
 Under subjection by his matchless sword,
 And Julius Cæsar, with yet greater skill,
 Made Rome the mistress of both land and
 sea.

Then Bonaparte shook Europe like a quake,
 And made France greater yet than Greece or
 Rome.

But what are their three names compared with
 mine,

Ulysses Grant, bigger than all the three;
 For I fought only for the oppressed slave,
 While my three rivals on the scroll of fame
 For proud ambition or false glory fought.

'Tis true that each of these commanders
 risked

His precious life upon the battle-field;
 But that was foolish, for the chance of war
 At any moment might have struck them
 down.

And I have always been of the belief
 That armies should be ordered to the front,
 Whilst their commander should remain be-
 hind

In some safe place ; for if the head were lost
 The army would be paralyzed with fear,
 And fall an easy victim to the foe.

For that strong reason I have never rushed
 Headlong into the thickest of the fight,
 But calmly sat and smoked a good cigar
 Until the fate of battles was declared.

And as I always had the largest force,
 I always managed to reduce the foe
 By losing man for man till none were left
 Upon the side of my antagonist,

While I had plenty still in my reserves.
 Thus did I conquer Pemberton and Lee,
 And triumph o'er our stubborn enemy.

Such tactics I have always made my rule
 Since I left West Point military school.

Now let us contrast some renowned cam-
 paigns

With my great masterpiece at Petersburg.
 The siege of Troy, for instance ; that event
 Which took the Grecians ten long bloody
 years,

And robbed the nation of its bravest men,
 Could have been finished in one summer-
 time

With half a dozen good gun-powder mines.

Then look at Xerxes, with his Persian host,
 Five million soldiers, sutlers, and so forth,
 Arrayed against a phalanx of Greek spears
 Which played such havoc with his pam-
 pered ranks

That the survivors fled in terror home,
 Leaving poor Xerxes crying all alone.
 Now had great General Ulysses Grant
 Been there with fifty thousand veteran troops,
 Conscripts, and bounty-jumpers, and so on,
 Gathered from every quarter of the globe,
 He would have swabbed those greasy Gre-
 cians up,

And bottled in his narrow mountain pass,
 The brave three hundred with Leonidas.
 Again; great Cæsar crossed the Rubicon,
 But what is that compared with the Potomac
 Which I have crossed and recrossed twenty
 times,

Although it would make twenty Rubicons?
 And Bonaparte, tho' greater than the rest,
 What did he do? Twice was he over-
 thrown,

And died an exiled prisoner at last.
 But I am always on the winning horse,
 And ride to victory without a scratch.
 Behold me now, just in the prime of life,
 The most distinguished captain of the age.
 Unto the victor all the spoils belong,
 And I am ready to receive all gifts

Which my admiring friends are pleased to
give.

I will accept the Presidential chair,
And raise the salary to twice its size.
I will appoint my relatives and friends
To all fat offices which now exist,
And make as many new ones as they need ;
I'll cultivate the favors of the rich,
And call on millionaires to serve the state.
Although I am a man of humble birth,
And tanned raw hides before the war broke
out,

Once in the Presidential chair, I'll stick
As many terms as I can get the vote,
And when I find I can no longer hold
I'll travel round the world, the welcome guest
Of all the guarded despots of the East,
And then, returning home, I'll closely watch
The changing weather-cock of public will,
Which may desire me for its emperor,
Since all the states are melted into one.
Now I'll lay down my sword and say again,
Let us have peace.

Let Mr. Davis next come forth and sing
his reconstruction song.

Enter Jeff Davis.

RECONSTRUCTION SONG,

AIR, "*Joe Bowers.*"

"Oh, I'm a good old Rebel,
 Now that's just what I am ;
 For this fair land of freedom
 I do not care a damn.
 I'm glad I fought against it,
 I only wish I'd won,
 I don't want any pardon
 For anything I've done.

"I hate the Constitution,
 This great republic too ;
 I hate the Freedman's Bureau,
 In uniforms of blue ;
 I hate the nasty eagle,
 With all its brag and fuss ;
 The lying, thieving Yankees,
 I hate them worse and worse.

"I hate the Yankee nation,
 And everything they do ;
 I hate the Declaration
 Of Independence too ;
 I hate the glorious Union,
 'Tis dripping with our blood ;

I hate the striped banner,
I fought it all I could.

“Five hundred thousand Yankees
Lie stiff in Southern dust;
We lost three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us.
They died of Southern fever,
And Southern steel and shot,
I wish it was ten million
Instead of what we got.

“I cannot raise an army,
To fight 'em any more;
And I will never like them,
Now that is certain sure.
But I don't want any pardon
For what I was and am;
I won't be reconstructed,
If I do, may I be damned.”

The curtain falls.

[THE END.]

THE
PLAY
OF
THE
FUTURE.

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